

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Retaliation"

"I leave the blood spilling in the streets"

[Ikron the Verbal Hologram:]

Yo, its the fucking Hologram, Jedi Mind baby
Bangin' ya'll in the fucking face, know what I'm sayin'
With the God Jus Allah, my man Stoupe on the track
My motherfucking man Chico in this motherfucker
We about to take ya'll motherfuckers to war
Nah'm sayin', yo Jus Allah, blow this fucking mic apart, God

[Jus Allah:]

The metal inside the barrel passes
Through the frames in your glasses
Quick passage, leave your dome piece backless
Envision blackness, leave you hat-less, fucking cap-less
Marchin' niggas to the spot where the Earth's crack is
Hard to grasp like science and math is
The cavemen who don't practice and live backwards
We oxen, when streets is watchin'
Release shotguns, niggas got Dietz and Watson
Feel no love, no way you shield the slugs
The ill thugs, we box with steel gloves
Doubt my faith you can taste the slug case
Leaving niggas looking like dogs with the pug face
Even your girl can catch the capsule
I love pussy but never the bitch that it's attached to

[Ikron the Verbal Hologram:]

Why you wanna battle the kids with steel tongues?
Who rip up mics and drink Puerto-rock rum
85's face the truth; you're too dumb
If retaliation comes, yo, then fuck it: it just comes

[Ikron the Verbal Hologram:]

We itching to kill, that's why we spitting the real
Stick to the drill and maybe we'll be gripping a mill'
The clip will get spilled, dump them on a ditch or a hill
Because the motherfucker ain't left me shit in his will
And y'all is always sounding like a bitch when you spill
And we the rawest motherfucking clique in the field
So real motherfuckers better recognize real
Or ill motherfuckers gonna exercise skill
Y'all better chill when the Hologram build
Little motherfucker got hands that's like steel
Whoever approach me and what I feel
"Might find their legs being replaced by steel"
So y'all better yield or I'ma choke faggots

My hand held more razor blades than coke addicts
We like to quote fascists because we the meanest
And rip off your fingers with the pliers of Chaka Demus

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]

Why you wanna battle with kids with steel tongues?
Who rip up mics and drink Puerto-rock rum
85 face the truth; you're too dumb
If retaliation comes, yo, then fuck it: it just comes